

## THE LOVERS' CORNER.

First Aid to Wounded Hearts.

## Learn What Love Is.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am acquainted with a young lady that I love. I asked her to take a walk with me Sunday night, and she said she could not. Saturday night I met her and we took a walk to a store. Coming back, when we got to a certain place, she said that I should not walk any further with her, as she was afraid that she would meet her sister. Do you think she loves me, or do you think I should drop her?

P.

I think you should not try to persuade the young lady to do anything which she would need to conceal from her sister or her parents. Do not ask her to take walks with you if she seems unwilling to do so. Her reasons for refusing are probably very good ones. You would be very foolish to give up a pleasant friendship for any such cause. As to whether or not your love is returned, I advise you first of all to learn the real meaning of a sincere and earnest love. No man who truly respects a woman wishes to offer her undivided attentions. Why do you not see her at her home, which is the proper place?

## She Intends to Be an Old Maid.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been keeping company with a young lady some time, and until very recently have had every reason to believe that my attention was acceptable, as she never showed any indication otherwise. Now she sends me a note requesting me not to call any more. I have always treated her respectfully and gentlemanly, and I don't understand why she should dismiss me this way. She said she had no objections to me personally, that she esteemed me very highly, but that she did not care for steady company, as she did not think she would ever marry any one, as she intended to always live single.

Now, I love her very much, and would like to win her for my wife. And while she told of her intentions, she said it in that bashful, half-hearted way that girls have. I don't know whether to take it serious or not.

S. C.

Let this girl have her way for a while. Do not impose your company upon her. Take her at her word. She will very likely send for you and it will

not be very difficult for you to persuade her to reconsider her decision about living and dying unmarried. Meanwhile if you meet her treat her with great deference, but do not attempt to make love to her. Just try this plan.

## Candidly, He Is Worthless.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Do you consider it right for a man who calls on a young lady about once a week, who tells her she is more dear to him than any one else, that he wishes her to be his "Dear" alone, who wants to hug and kiss her at every opportunity offered, who declares he is jealous of all others who pay her attention—do you think it is right for this same gentleman to call on and take other young ladies out to places of amusement?

SINCERITY.

The young man does not appear in a very favorable light when viewed by your description of him. If he professes to love you alone and, if it is an understood thing that you shall confine your attentions to each other, then both of you must be loyal to the agreement or else break it off entirely. You certainly cannot respect one whom you are unable to trust. But you yourself will never command a man's respect if you do not better guard your own.

## SLEEP SWEETLY.

The following verses, says the Baltimore Herald, hang on the wall of one of the beautiful bedrooms in Andrew Carnegie's castle in Scotland:

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room  
O thou, whose'er thou art,  
And let no mournful yesterday  
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest  
With dreams of coming ill;  
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend;  
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world,  
Put out each glaring light;  
The stars are watching overhead;  
Sleep sweetly, then. Good night!

## IS A MUMMY A FISH?

An Englishman living in France recently wrote home for three shirts. Their value was less than \$10, but he found that he had a duty of \$1 to pay upon them, says Stray Stories. Thinking this a great deal, he wrote to the authorities at the custom-house on the subject. "The amount is quite correct," they replied. "Shirts are taxed as bonnets, which pay a duty of \$90 a hundredweight."

A scientist arrived at Marseilles one day in 1898 with a huge case among his baggage. He told the customs officers that it contained a royal Egyptian mummy. The customs man looked up "mummy" in his list, but could not find it. However, he could not dream of passing in so evidently valuable an article scot free. It occurred to him that there was a stiff duty on dried fish, so the Pharaoh was classed as dried fish and taxed accordingly.

Venison can hardly be called fish by any stretch of imagination. Yet it is fishmongers who sell it in England, and

not butchers. The origin of this odd classification is that in old days, when noblemen were too fine to take money for their superfluous venison, they used to send the bucks to their fishmongers and get fish in return.

A whole court argued for hours over the question whether a ship was a dock, while an even more absurd point of law recently before Mr. Justice Bigbam was whether a barge could be called a warehouse under the workmen's compensation act.

It was found that a ship in dry dock is a dock, but not when floating in a wet dock. The warehouse question proved too much for the court, and time was taken to consider it.

Natural history has its curiosities in the way of classification. Who would imagine, for instance, that the raven and the pigeon belonged to the same order of birds?

Cockroaches, again, usually known as black beetles, are not beetles at all, but belong to the same family as the grasshoppers, crickets, earwigs and locusts.

## TWELFTH ARTICLE OF SERIES.

## How to Have a Beautiful Figure.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

## EXERCISES FOR THE WAIST AND HIPS.



will make a pressure upon the vital organs, often resulting in displacement. Remember that all the weight should be supported at the back, stand straight heels together and chest up and out, what is called "the active chest." Hold the shoulders back and the abdomen in. Throw the body well back for support and breathe through the nose.

If I can through these articles induce my Evening World readers to breathe constantly through the nostrils instead of the mouth, as is the general practice, I shall honestly feel I was not born in vain.

Let us begin with the neck muscle exercises:

1. Stand erect, knees straight, abdomen held well in, hands on the hips. Relax the muscles of the neck and let the head go forward loosely. Now tense the muscles in the neck and draw the chin slowly back. Don't attempt to lift the chin, but just make the movement slowly backward.
2. Try twisting the neck very slowly

from one shoulder to the other. Treat the head in this exercise as though it were really on a pivot. Turn just as far one way very slowly as you possibly can and then quite as far on the other side. Repeat, but not often enough to fatigue.

Relax all the muscles of the neck; let the chin fall forward, as though the head were lifeless. Then lift it slowly and let it fall as far back as possible. This is what is called a "develving" exercise. It is entirely useless unless performed with absolutely relaxed muscles.

Stand on one leg, hold the other leg

far back behind, relax, and swing the leg forward, then backward, then forward again, and then to the floor; alternate with the other leg.

Stand erect, place your hands on your hips, and let your body fall as far back as possible. Then as far forward as possible.

Sit down on the floor, legs straight out; place your fingers on the tips of your toes and practice getting your body up off the floor without assistance from your hands.

Stand erect, head well up, chest out, hands on the hips; bend down, dividing the legs, raise, bend; do this up and

down several times.

Stand erect, feet slightly apart with the picture of the small, full figure. Throw the arms up loosely from the waist, first on one side, then on the other, changing the attitude of the feet as the body swings to the right or left so that a balance may be maintained. This is an excellent exercise for promoting suppleness and elasticity.

To-morrow's lesson will be about Beauty Building, in which the cleanliness of the skin and care of the teeth are most important.

## LOVE'S DREAM. BY EMILE ZOLA.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. An embroiderer named Hubert and his wife, Angelica, live in a small house in the Rue de la Harpe. Hubert is a young man of twenty, and Angelica is a young woman of twenty. They are both very poor, and their life is a struggle for existence. Hubert is a very kind and loving man, and Angelica is a very beautiful and gentle woman. They have a young daughter named Marie, who is a very sweet and innocent child. Hubert is a very hard worker, and he tries to support his family as best he can. Angelica is a very good mother, and she tries to make her home as comfortable as possible for her family. Their life is a very hard one, but they love each other very much, and they try to make the best of it.

## CHAPTER V. Renunciation.

RUE DE LA HARPE. Hubert had brought her to her feet. She no longer felt her pain; her strength returned in this awakening of her pride. To have believed her dream dead and all at once to find it again living and glowing! "Come, let us go," said she, simply. And she walked through the room, valiant, in all her energy and will. ready she was choosing a mantle with which to cover her shoulders. A bit of lace on her head would suffice.

Felicien gave a cry of happiness, for she anticipated his design; he thought but of flight, but had not the audacity to propose it to her.

Oh, to start off together; to disappear, to cut short all these annoyances, all these obstacles, and that in an instant, thus avoiding even the struggle of reflection!

"Yes, at once, let us start, my sweet-heart. I came to fetch you. I know where to find a carriage. Before day-break we will be far, far away, that no one will be able to overtake us."

"I take nothing away. Is that not best? What is the use?"

He was burning with impatience, already standing at the door.

"No, nothing. Let us start quickly."

"Yes, that's right; let us start."

And she joined him. But she turned again; she wished to give a last look at the room. The lamp burned with the same pale softness, the bouquet of hortensias and rose-mallows still bloomed; a rose, half-finished, but already living, in the centre of the frame, seemed to await her. And never before had the room appeared so white to her, the walls white, the air white, as though filled with a white breath.

Something within her vacillated, and she was obliged to lean on the back of a chair, which was on hand near the door.

"What ails you?" asked Felicien anxiously. She did not answer; she breathed with difficulty.

"Oh, come, oh! be mine. Let us fly, let us forget everything in our bliss."

But she suddenly freed herself, escaping him in an instinctive revolt; and, erect, this cry of last burst from her lips:

"No, no, I cannot, I cannot!" Still she moaned under the recurring temptation, hesitating, faltering.

"If you are good; do not urge me—wait. I would wish to obey you, to prove to you that I love you, to go away to your side to far-off lands, to dwell royally together in the castle of your dreams. It once seemed so easy to me, to go away, to do not be cruel. Why did you come? I was resigned, I was accustomed myself to this disaster of not being loved by you. And now you love me, and all my martyrdom begins again! How can I live now?"

Felicien thought she was giving in. He repeated:

"If my father wishes that I should marry her!"

## THE DYING GIRL.



"OH, AT ONCE PLEASE," IMPIRORED ANGELICA, "SO THAT THEY MAY STILL BE IN TIME."

I had so often gone over the plan of our flight. And now what shall I say? It all seems impossible; it is as if all of a sudden the door had walled itself up and I could not go out.

He wished once more to enthrall her; she silenced him with a gesture.

"No, speak not. How singular it is! As you speak to me those sweet things, a fear takes hold of me, a chill seizes me. Holy Virgin! how can it be? It is your very words that are putting me further from you. If you go on that way I shall no longer be able to listen to you, you will have to go. But, no, wait, wait a little while."

And she slowly walked across the room, anxious, seeking to command herself, while he stood there motionless, in his despair.

"I had thought I loved you no longer, but it was surely wounded pride only, for when I found you, there at my feet, just now, my heart leaped, my first impulse was to follow you as a slave—if I love you, then, why do you frighten me? And who is it that prevents my leaving this room, as though invisible

hands held me on every side by each hair of my head?"

And, as he still made a step toward her, she found herself on the threshold of the wide-open window, on the balcony.

Oh, you do not want me to throw myself over there. Listen, then, and understand that I have on my side all that sur-

rounds me. The memory of the past speaks to me. I hear voices, and never have I heard them speaking so loudly, beholding all the close Marie urge me not to marry my life and yours, in giving myself to you against the will of your father."

In her weakness she had drawn herself up, resolute, invincible.

"But you have been deceived," he replied; "they have stooped to lies to separate us."

"The fault of others could not excuse ours."

"Oh, your heart has withdrawn from me, you love me no more."

"I do not love you, I struggle against you, only for your love and for our happiness. Obtain the consent of your father, and I will follow you."

"My father, you do not know him. God alone could unbend him. Then say it is finished! If my father orders me to marry Cécile de Volmeourt, must I then obey him?"

At this last blow, Angelica quailed. She could not restrain her moaning.

"Oh! that is too much. I entreat you,

go away; do not be cruel. Why did you come? I was resigned, I was accustomed myself to this disaster of not being loved by you. And now you love me, and all my martyrdom begins again! How can I live now?"

Felicien thought she was giving in. He repeated:

"If my father wishes that I should marry her!"

She braced herself against her pain, and she still managed to remain standing. In all the agony of her feelings, then, dragging herself toward the table, as though to make way for him to go:

"Marry her; you must obey."

He found himself before the window, ready to leave, since she sent him away.

"But you will die of it!" he exclaimed. She had calmed herself. She murmured, with a pale smile:

"Oh! it is half done."

One instant more he looked at her, so white, so worn, of the lightness of a feather borne away by the wind. He made a gesture of furious resolution and disappeared in the darkness.

She leaned on the back of the armchair and, when he was no longer there, stretched out her hands despairingly toward the night. Heavy sobs shook her form, a moisture of anguish covered her face. Lord in Heaven! This was the end, she should see him no more. All her weakness had come back upon her, her weary limbs gave way beneath her. With great trouble she came to her couch, upon which she fell, victorious and breathless. The next morning they found her there, dying. Unheeded, the lamp had just gone out, at daybreak, in the triumphal whiteness of the room.

Angelica was dying. It was 10 o'clock, a clear morning toward the end of the winter, a bracing weather under a white sky, all brightened with sunlight. In the great royal bed, draped with antique pink cloth, she never stirred, motionless, full length, her little ivory hands dropped, helpless upon the silken coverlet. Her eyes were closed, and her delicate profile had grown thinner beneath the golden nimbus of her hair, and she would have been thought already dead had it not been for the barely perceptible breath from her lips.

Before losing consciousness her last words, scarcely a murmur, caught by Hubertine, had whispered a desire for the holy oil: "Oh! at once, please, so that they may still be in time."

Felicien had made one more desperate appeal to his father, adjuring him in the name of his dead wife to consent. And despite his firmness the old Bishop wavered.

Monsieur remained on his knees till night after this scene. When he reappeared he was as white as virgin wax, tortured but still resolute. He could do nothing, he repeated the terrible word: "Never!" It was God who alone had the right to release him from his word; and God, inspired, was silent. He must suffer.

Two days went by. Felicien hardly left the front of the little house of the Huberts, mad with anguish, lying in wait for news. Each time any one came out he almost fainted with fear.

And it was thus that on the morning when Hubertine ran to the church to ask for the holy oils, he knew that Angelica could not live through the day.

What was to be done? How could he force Heaven to intervene? He flew to the See-house, once more forced open the doors, and the Bishop for a moment was frightened at the incoherence of his words.

Then he understood. Angelica was in throes of agony, she was awaiting the extreme unction; God alone could save her. The young man had come only to cry out his anguish, to break all ties with that abominable father, to cast that murder into his face.

But Monsieur listened without anger, very tall and very grave, his eyes suddenly lighted up by a ray, as though a voice at last had spoken. And he made a sign to him to walk on first, and he followed, saying:

"If God will, I will."

Felicien felt the rush of a great thrill. His father consented, laying his own will aside, submissive to the supreme possibilities of a miracle.

They were no more.

God would act.

(To Be Concluded.)

## MAY MANTON DAILY DRESS HINT.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

Indoor gowns of soft wools are much in vogue. This smart example is made of Henrietta cloth in a pastel shade of tan and is trimmed with bands of brown panne attached with the lighter color.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist, 4-4 yards 21 inches wide, 4-4 yards 27 inches wide or 2-7 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 6-2 yards 31 or 37 inches wide, 5 yards 44 inches wide or 4 yards 82 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 3-3 yards 44 inches wide or 2-3 yards 84 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

The waist pattern (4-25) is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure—Ten cents.

The skirt pattern (4-26) is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure—Ten cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

## Amusements. BOSTOCKS.

ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN, Col. Ave. and 66th St. The World's Greatest Animal Exhibition. Accepted by the Elite of this City.

Every Afternoon and Evening, Sundays Included, 2:30 and 8:30. Doors open 1 and 7.

MR. ESAU, THE APPOINTMENT.

Feeding of the Carnivora at 4:30 and 10 P. M. General Admission, 50c.; Balcony, 75c.; Reserved Seats, \$1.00. Seating for 500. Children, half price. Afternoon Session Tickets: Adults, \$1.00; Children, 50c. Reserved seats at Hotel and Gardens. Telephone 691 Columbia.

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC. CLOSED TO-NIGHT. TO-MORROW EVENING, THE NINETY AND NINE.

NEWSAVOY THEATRE, 24th St. and B'way. To-night at 8: Matinee Wednesday & Saturday. ETHEL BARRYMORE, A COUNTRY MOUSE, Preceded by "CARROTS."

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th St. Every 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday, 2:15. JOHN DREW, THE MUMMY AND THE HUNTING BIRD.

CRITERION THEATRE, Broadway, 41st St. Evenings at 8:30. Matinee Saturday. VIRGINIA HARNED in IRIS.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th St. and B'way. PARIS LIPS—THE DELICIOUS COMEDY. Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday, 2:15. GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. and Madison Ave. MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, Monday & Tuesday Evenings—AUNT JEANNE. WED. EVENING, 8:30. Sunday, Mat. 2:15. THE SECOND MRS. TANNER.

GARRICK THEATRE, 24th St. and B'way. Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday, 2:15. THERE'S MANY A SLIP. Presented by AT THE TELEPHONE.

KNICKBOCKER THEATRE, B'way & 33rd St. Every 8:10. Mat. Sat. 2:15.

THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN HARVARD.

VICTORIA THEATRE, 4th St. and B'way. Every 8:10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. ALICE FISCHE & MRS. JACK CREATORE HIS BAND.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. and Broadway. Every 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. The Pet of B'way.

THE NEW THEATRE, 14th St. and B'way. Every 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. SALLY O'ALLEY.

DALY'S A COUNTRY GIRL. WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL & 80th St. Every 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. THE NEW THIRTY-THREE.

HAIRMAN HOUSE, Every 8:15. Matinee Saturday, 2:15. KYRLE BELLEVUE OF FRANCE.

3 DAVE THEA, A SISTER'S LOVE.

Amusements. HUBER'S STREET MUSEUM.

14th St. Theatre, 9th Ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. Brandon Tynan, 10th MONTH. Every 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. Robert Emmet, THE DATE. Every 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. Biggest production and best cast in New York. NEXT SUNDAY, Oct. 12-22 BIG CONCERT. CHAS. WILLIAMS, ALICE SHAW & enormous bill.

GRAND WARFIELD THE AUCTIONEER.

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